

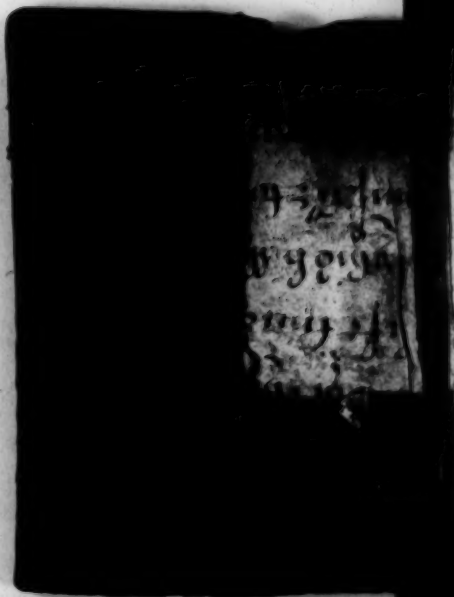
C. 15610
E. 10. 10.
Mans Delight

OR,
Divers pleasant Love-
Songs, full of
Mirth

To pleasant new
Tunes.

LONDON,

Printed by A. Clark. 1670.



C. 1761
E. 1761
Mans Delight :

OR,
Divers pleasant Love-
Songs, full of
Mirth.

To pleasant new
Tunes.

LONDON,
Printed by A. Clark, 1670.

Delightful

BRITISH



MUSEUM

1851

3000

1851

1851

A containing
all the names of
the Songs.

Cant. 1.

If the Sky fall, we shal
catch Larks.

Cant. 2.

Another of the same.

Cant. 3.

A woman will have the odd

A 3

Cant

The

Cant. 4.

Another of the same.

Cant. 5.

The Court and Country Guise

Cant. 6.

Another of the same.

Cant. 7.

Loves Solace.

Cant. 8.

Another of the same.

Cant. 9.

A hard bargain repented.

Cant.

Table.

Cant. 10.

Another of the same.

Cant. 11.

The fickle Woer.

Cant. 12.

Another of the same.

Cant. 13.

An excellent new Medley.

A 2

The



The Epistle to the
Merry Reader.

ALL you who do look
on this little Book,
Do not it disdain,
For 'tis worth your pain :
In reading it over.
Thou who art a Lover,
Whoever thou be,

A

...stle to the

A He, or a She,
A Lad, or a Lass,
Before thou do pass,
Take with thee along,
'Twill do thee no wrong,
But rather much right,
Here's honest delight
For thy recreation :
'Tis no sad relation,
But still merriment,
That will give content
And counsel that's good.

A 5

Merry
Being well un
Accept of my mite,
A Lark's worth a Kite.

If the world should fall, we
shall catch Larks.

To a dainty new Tune.

Cant. 1.

If all the world were paper
and all the Sea were ink
if all the trees
were bread and cheese.
we should write for ever.

If the Sk
If all the rated
I say it should be lack
and if I say, (bo
there were no clay,
how should we take tobacco

If all the world were men,
& all mine id's for trenches,
If there were none
but one alone (ches?
what should we do for men-

If all our vessels run out,
And none but had a crack,
Would Spaniards
eat all the grapes
what

en Laiks.

we do for lack?

(croza

If Scholars all were Do-
Commons Nobles now
each Country might,
if a Lord or Knight,
then who should go to plow.

(men.

If all great men were good
Then would we have no
if Poets might (things
none but plays write,
how should we do for songs?

Care

Cant.

Another of the same.

If there were no musicians
but fighting were too com-
where should we then (most
get skillful men (men.
To please great men & wo-

If all the men in England
were the same and plough-
or if all men (holders,
were cowards then (diers
how should we be for soul-

It

etch Larks.

If all go naked,
there would be no work for sat-
if all men were (less

should drowning fear
how should we do for sailors
(people)

If Bells were tame from
there were no use for Ring
if all men should (all)

be bare back cold.
how should we do for Angles
(men)

If there were no doubts
about bated false opinions
where should we then
find learned men

t' instruct the

If there were no
few Ste-boules would be
if all bairn pride
were laid aside,
the golden days should see

If all men were freehearted
You should not then know
which men
should give nor take
for this would make
all Diggars soon turn rich
(men.)

38

Ich Larne.

Went to playing
Youth. We be for mozt.
If all were wise (here)
Small gains would rise.
If all things were eternal,
And nothing were end
(byingling,
If this should be,
then when should we
yet make an end of singling
never.

25

Cane

Cant.

A woman will have
the Odds.

To the Tune of *Bess
Bell, or a health to Bess*

One morning bright
For my delight
Into the fields I walked,
Where did I see

the Odds.

A man and he
which a fair maiden talked:
he seemed to me,
They could not agree
About some pretty bargain
he offered a groat,
but still her note
was four pence half penny
catching.

What's that thought I
that he would buy
at such a little value,
And as much I should
whereof he no'd
The sum of which I tell you
B 2 For

A Woma

The price but for
But that's not all.
The rest is worth regarding
For nothing she
would do still be
gave four pence half pence
eaching.

Quoth he, fair Maids,
let me persuade
you to unfold a reason
why you repent
Have all the rest
That price now at this sea-
Quoth she, good Sir, (Can:
I do prefer

the Odds.

My humor befoze the bar-
by all the Gods, (gain
I'll have the odds.
that's foure pence half penny
farthing.

made an oath
which I am loath
to violate I tell you :
Though 't be more worth,
If 'twere set forth,
The jewel which I sell you
The number three
Bitt liketh me,
Therefore I ask according
three pices of you,

A Woman
as 'tis my due,
that's four pence half penny
farthing.

When this Lad
received had
To his demand an answer,
He laught outright,
As well he might
For he noz his great granter
The like ere heard.
As well app'ar'd, (chargable
As he knew to be to make her
bedew his wife,
and to disburle
just four pence, &c.

When

ne Odds.

when he had paid
the pretty Rate,
and gave what the Dir'd,
To have the same
For which he came,
he eagerly required,
But ere they could
Do what they would,
A who had unawake been
and perps and seen
what pass between
for four pence half penny
farthing.

15 4 Cant.

Canr. 4.

Another of the same

Unto them kept,
By which I kept (sure)
the yongster from his plea
The best on't was
The witty Lais
Before had got his treasure
She swore to me
That never she (bargain)
would have perfozm'd to
Her meaning was

e Odds:

to make him an Ode
four pence half penny
farthing.

and truly I
think verily
that he did not dissemble
Poor Fellow he
fright of me
began to quake & tremble.
his sword I found
upon the ground: which
with a knock or two
'twas all his gain:
four pence &c.

W S

W S

A Woman will
When I had him beaten
With his own weapon,
and might have run him
To y^e Alehouse we chos^e
Did go all three,
To drive away all sorrow
The honest Lads
W^ost willing was
To cal her whole reward
and freely spent
With merriment
For four pence half p^{ie}
Carthing.

And he likewise
Was not precise,

bn

had the Odds.

but as it seemed willing
to call for drink,
as much I think
he came into a pilling:
I would have paid,
but he denied. (gain
And thus I got by th' bad-
good sport and drink,
which makes me think
of four pence, &c.

But ere they went,
I to prevent (get her
their meeting again to-
went her away.
And made him stay.

I'm

A Woman will

I'm sure he met not but
If he be naught, (he
As't may be thought,
Jove send her a whores
but good or bad, (wardin
He gull'd the Lad
of four pence half pence
taching.

The other day,
upon the way
it was my chance to meet
A: bliftered, (he
And nothing said,
But I began to get her

How

have the Odds:
now not forget I ate
an you share with
me without regarding:
though you have forgot
yet I have not
a four pence half penny
farthing.

And Sir (quoth she
I well do see
you have it not forgotten
quoth I. I protest.
this may be a jest
when we are dead & rotten
he went away,
and since that day

A Woman will, &c.
I thought it might be said
to cause this, but
thus to be expected
Of four pence half penny
savings.

...

...

...

...

...

Can't 35.

The Court and the
Country guise.

To a new Court tune,
With a fadding.

The Courtier, from the
Country Clown.
The Country Clown both
from

The Court and
scorn the Court.
We can be as merry upon
the down,
As you are at midnight
with all your sport,
with a fawning.

You hawk, you hunt, you
lie upon billards,
You eat and drink the whole
knowing none:
We sit upon billards pick
ing of Gallads,
We sit upon the whole
under a down,
with a fawning
Bas

00 23
f 62
00 60
yoo 10 2
001
tick
001
001
ast

98

99

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

Country Guise.

Maskes are made for Lords
and Knights,

And Ladies that are fine
and gay,

We dance after our minick
with taber and pipe,

And bring up our Lattes
as well as we may.

With a faddling.

Your Garters are made of
Silk and taffier.

And ours are made of good
Merps gray.

You eak out your words
with pieces of Latten.

E

out

The Court and
wee speak old English a
well as we may.

With a fadding

Your Chambers are hung
with cloth of Armes.

Quene are as fresh as flow-
ers in May.

If Ione of the mill grant
me her good will,

Take your deare Ladies
with you away.

With a fadding.

Oh Beauties take you for
your eyes,

Oh

Country Guise.

On painted Meadows while
decay.

On mil-brown Nan my
lying lies.

That the grass waters the
ry day.

With a fadding.

With junkets you your
corps do feed.

And gine your taste with
Glands fine.

Roll, bak'd, and sod we have
at our need.

When courtesies with drink
Pumpkin, wine, widd, &c.

E 2

Pos

The Court and
You do delight in Sugar &
Claret,
And in strong wine when
you do feast;
Give us our powder beek,
turnep, and carret.
A cup of good malincke Ale
of the best.
with a fadding:

With sweet perfumes de-
lightfulness
You rub your garments
fine and brave:
Our Meadows sweet we
need nought else.
Pa-

Country Guise.

Perfumes that Nature in
us gave.

with a Ladding.

With Onick Sweet your
ears are filled.

What pleasure more can
have a King.

Than peery birds in echo-
ing woods.

Sweet madrigals his ears
cunning.

with a Ladding.

The Court and

Cant. 6.

Another of the same.

Y Du reb. I all night, you
Sleep till noon,
You're down with the lamb
and up with the lark.
You walk with your infant
one by light of the moon,
You're as good as my Lady
in the dark.

With a fadding.

Dur

Country Guise.

Our lady bowers shew
your towers.

There's nothing needful
that we lack.

Clear running Springs,
green herbs Sweet flowers,
Feeds for the body, cloth for
the back.

With a adding.

In that will you give your
selves.

And bring your bodies out
of frame.

Some follow the track,
till they catch the pack.

The Court and
And so in the Hospital do
fall lame.

With a Ladding.

In Summer time when all
things sport,

And flowers they are in
their prime,

With they and court to the
country resort,

In delightful pleasures
spending the time,

With a Ladding.

With painted face and cur-
led hair,

Pour

Country Guise.

Our Connerly names them
felves do trish.

The looking glass to be
her face.

A pail of fair water out
of the dibe. With a. &c.

The Chamber maid comes
not behind.

In the fashion she must be
her Lady.

The bath plain so long as
fast and loose.

I think the man rogue bath
got a baby.

With a laddie.
C S In

The Court and
Instead of your riding, a
quintain we run,
His pity old customs should
ever decay,
The long winter nights we
pass in delights,
And least care and sorrow
away,
with a fading.

Neither the City nor the
Court
Nor the sweet Country
can compare,
We will play with them at
any sport,

And

Country Guile:

And never change with
them ware for ware.
with a fadding.

On Neptunes waves the
Seaman joys,
To take their pleasure far
and near,
when they come home, like
joyful boys,
They spend their coin in
wine and beer.
with a fadding.

Both Kings, Queens,
Princes, Ladies blave
In

The Court and, &c.
In Shepherds meeds
Under a Downe,
Wade: look delight among
one Pastorens faire,
To live and sport among
us clown, with a &c

All you that have now
heard my song,
Come say it and bear it
with you away.
Give it your sweet-hearts
both old and young,
So may you please them
both night and day,
with a Ladding.
Cant.

Cant. 7.

Loves Solace.

To a new Court Tune, called,
the Damask Rose.

The Damask Rose, nor
the Fair,
The Conflie nor the Pau-
er,
Which my true Love cannot
compare,

For

For beauty, love, and fan-
cy.

She doth exceed the rarest
dames,

No beauty like her moves
me.

Which makes me thus ex-
tol her fame,

So sweet is the Lads that
loves me.

If I should speak of my
true love,

As I am bound in duty,

She doth surpass the gods
above.

In

Loves Solace,

In each degree for beauty.
Juno, Pallas, not Venus

fair

Shine not so bright and
lovely,

There's none with her that
may compare.

So sweet is the Lark that
loves me.

When first I saw her peer-
less face.

I did admire her beauty.

And I did seek with heart
and voice.

Loves Solace.

To offer her all duty,
Which willingly she did ac-
cept,
So kind and loving proves
he,
Which makes me thus bold
all respect
How longer to the Law that
loves me.

Mars though he be the god
of war
Could not so deeply wound
me,
As Cupid with a little shot.

Which

Loves Solace.

Which I have plainly felt
ye.

Boreas with all his blustering
stems

Never yet pierc'd so roughly.

Cupids arrows prick like
thorns

No sweet is the Lake that
loves me:

For her sweet Lake I'd rather
undertake

Any thing she requires.

To sail the seas like Cap-
tain Drake.

I would

Loves Solace.

Whose deeds there's some
admired,

Whichever the commands is
done.

So much yet love both
move me,

She is a precious paragon,
So sweet is the Love that
loves me.

Bright Cynthia in her rich
Robes

So love both much resem-
ble.

Whose beauteous beams
such rays affords,

That

Loves Solac-:

That makes my heart to
tremble,
Yet is the saint so chaste, &
rare,
Which unto fancy moves
me.
And makes my joys with-
out compare,
So sweet is the Love that
loves me.

Diana and her dallings deare
That lives in woods and
dallies;
And spent her time so chaste
so rare,

D 2

The

Loves Solace!

Which no man can
dallies;

Yet is the more chaste
than my Love,

I hope none can disprove
me.

From my mind shall never
remove.

So sweet is the Love, &c.

Sweet Love adieu, I pray
be true,

And think of what is spo-
ken,

Change not thy old friend
for a new.

Let

Loves Solace.

Let not that now be broken
Sweet Love I leave thee
E. 2 this time.

For so it doth bebove me :
But still my heart doth me
enjoy.

To say, Sweet, in the Last
that loves me.

D **Cont.**

Loves Solace.

Cant. 8.

The Maidens kind answer,
wherein she doth agree,
That he shall be her Love,
and none but only he.

My love, my life, my Duck,
my Bear,
now I will yield unto thee,
As thou hast said I will
doe best,

And

Loves Solace.

And how thy words do
moue me,
For to reply in answer kind,
And so thy self shall proue
me,
I will not change like to
the wind,
O sweet is the Lad that
loves me.

Be thou my lovely Pyra-
mus,
I'l be thy constant Thybe,
And I am now resolved
thus.

Love's Solace.

Reber to disp[le]ase thee.

True love surpasseth Cray
gold.

It is not thy wealth that
moves me.

Hereafter let my love be
bold.

So sweet is the Love that
loves me.

I'll prove as chaff unto my
Love,

As ever could be any,

No fond enticements
shall move.

Loves Solace.

Although I am urged to
many.

Will endure for thee kind;
as it doth best becom me.
thy mate thou shalt not
find.

For sweet is the Love that
loves thee.

My daily care shall always
be
Only for to delight thee.
And my self will then be
thine.

Thou

Loves Solace.

That shall with joy content
thee,

I will shine bright at noon
and night.

If I may so content thee,
like Cynthia I will shine
bright

Unto the Lad that loves
me.

Do not despise, my only
star.

Let not vain thoughts tor-
ment thee.

If my true love have thou
no fear,

Loves Solace.

Do not thou absent

me
will remain for thee
sure.

though I a while bin
prone thee.

til death depart I'll thine
endure.

so sweet is the Lads that
loves thee.

gold nor gain shall me
corrupt

I fancy any other
those that seek by love
to gain.

Thine

Loves Solace.

Their wishes I do smile
ther,

I answer them unto the
kind,

For so it doth behove me,
I will not change like
the wind,

So sweet is the Lasse that
loves there.

So love adieu, I pray
true,

I am thine own for ever,
The next time that I meet
with you,

Loves Solace.

me I'll not so soon dislike,
though we part, I leave
th my heart
to him that dearly lov:
me;
ke is Hymens bands must
seal my smart,
th and I am the Lads that
loves thee.

y my Sweet love and only
dear,
ee, thou hast renewed my plea-
na sure,
thou in my sight dost more
appear,

Thou

Loves Solace.

Than any earthly treasure
I do rejoyce much in my
choyce.

And so it both bebovs me,
I'll sing thy praise with
heart and voice.

So sweet is the Laine the
lobes me.



Cant

Cant. 9.

**A hard Bargain
repented.**

**to the Tune of Ho, no, no,
not yet.**

**Come all you Damocles
far and near.
Country or in Town,
Attend**

A hard bargain
Attend a while, and you
shall hear.
Pain taken on me did
frown:

I was a stately bathosel
was,

When none so brisk as I
But now I cry and with
ple.

Because I have lost my
own.

When that I was a good
den fair,

I lived, in good esteem,

repented.

to many a rich man's son
and wife

to be so highly woom,
as to scold and to
cry.

at last was there many
one.

but so gay, I have the
may.

long as I kept mine
own.

so coy and scornful then I
was.

and if my beauty were.

I thought myself the

©

1412

A hard bargain
 fairest Lass,
 That all our Town
 lov'd,
 My friends did seek me
 reclaim,
 But I'd be sol'd by none
 But follow'd still my man-
 tor will,
 Until I had lost mine own
 I thought all Maids
 worthy were
 My company to keep,
 Yet now the people's meane
 I fear.

repented.

Day laugh when I do
weep,
they point at me where ere
I go.
and say there goes proud
Jones,
once who but she, but when
you see,
alas she hath lost her own.
at weddings and at ban-
quets
still was chief in place.
The young men gave me
globes and rings,
which was to me a grace.
C 2 C 3

A hard bargain
To dance among the
Poules and Maids.
My cunning still was
shown;
Till one by chance taught
me a dance,
Which made me lose, &c.

That dance to me hath
been so dear.

The time I well may cut
Before the months are gone
A year!

I need not be a woe:
I can no longer hide my
grief.

Appa-

repented.

apparently 'tis known
to every man what game
I play.
then thus I lost, &c.

My Father and my Mother
know,
and all my friends here,
to grieve me more have
made a vow,
they'll never me abide:
day and night lament
and cry.
Not comfort have I none:
yet though I grieve, none
will believe.

A hard bargain
Because I have lost mine
own.

Cant. 10.

Another of the same.

Thou graceful girl, my
father says,
How oft have I thee
warn'd,
From gabbling thus whole
nights and days,
But you my counsel scorn'd
By Mother with a fresh
supply

Gay

repented.

Says one you whose, be
gone.

Think not that we will
harm thee.
From thou hast lost thine
own.

Does to my gift the knave
who is

The cause of my shame,
From thence the child is
none of his.

Which more with me be-
came:

He swears that I am his
as

with

A hard bargain
With more than him alone
But I can tell the time to
well,
When first I look my own.
I trust the Law will give
me right,
Though I offend'd have,
For I can reckon from that
night,
When I have'd with that
knight:
And more than that, I know
the hour,
When hand in hand alone,
We went to the barn
where

where on the coin
there I told you.

But yet suppose I married
me.

My name will not have
it.

For every one may plainly
see.

And know I do offend:

My sin already I can
not hide.

My belly so big is grown.

My upon that body will
report.

What I have left my own.

A hard bargain
Let Widdows all example
take.
By my disastrous hap.
Such pastime let them
now make.
Lest they do get a clap;
Be not beguiled by flatter-
ing words.
Lest you like me make
mischance.
A young man by me, do
me seduce,
And made me lose my own.
O who would trust these
young men,
That

repented.
that will so lie and feign,
to never come among
in men.
ere I a maid again;
O y' shall and how they
love you dear.
He like was never known,
when their intent is only
best
to make you lose your own.
That night to me was fa-
tal,
wherein I was beguiled.
ere I a Maid, I'd hate
that all

A hard bargain
Of former courses wild,
But now tis past recovery
I rem, dy have none,
Fait Watte beware, a
habe a care,
And altho y^e keep your oth

All you that do my folly
and how I have miscreant
Let not young men so
beard be
catch you until y^e are mo
ried:
There is nothing done
secretly.

at will at last be won
little thought what time
back is long.
at you see I have lost
mine own.

Cant. II.

The fickle Woer.

to the tune of Good your
Worship.

Farewell to the
Rotten World.

Die.

Dear Mr. Wells's Ann,
What say you now?
Can you allow
To love a poor young man
If you please to grace me
with your true affection.
I'll ever be govern'd
By your direction,
then fairest
and rarest
And dearest be pleas'd
to grant
what I want,
That my heart may be eas'd
Fairest Miss.

Ra-

Ine hcke woer.
arest Distrest,
arest Distrest Ione,
speak without pause,
What is the cause
You ly so long alone:
How if a bryd fellow
You say you have none.
We hear I stand ready
To profer you one,
then fairest,
and rarest,
And dearest tell me,
whether I
shall rely
On the fancy of thee:

Fal-

The hickle Woer.
Patience Whistle,
Rarest Whistle,
Dearest Whistle Bridget,
Though I am old,
Yet do not scold.
Nor to my grief challenge it
But as you are beautiful,
So be you kind.
Let not your fair face
Be disgrac'd by your mind.
But fairest,
and rarest,
And dearest resten,
and be
not from me
much such anger and leuen.
Fair-

The tickle Worr.
Fairer Wills,
Rarer Wills,
Dearest Wills Ciss,
I shall be glad,
If that I had
But lead your hand to kiss
Let not your beauty
Cause you to be coy:
For she that was fairer
Did love on a boy:
then fairer
and rarer
And dearest be quiet,
I wish
a small rack.
Wherefore do not deny it.
F Cant.

The hickle Woer.

Cant. 12.

Another of the same

Fairest Mirrour

Rarest Mirrour

Dearest Mirrour Be's,

What is the cause

That Cupids laws

So long you do transgresse

Spend not your time vainly

For age will draw on,

And then all your pleasures

Like

like shadows are gone
then fairest
and rarest

And dearest take heed
Delays

me In this case

Further danger will breed.

Fairest Willie

Rarest Willie

Dearest Willie Frances,

when I do see

The face of thee,

My heart through gladness

Dances, (pence

Then yield me due recompence

F 2

For

For my good will,
And I will be loyal,
And true to that till:
O fairest
and rarest
And dearest be true,
and I
till I die
Will be constant to you,

Fairest Mirrie,
Rarest Mirrie,
Dearest Mirrie Jane,
I long have lov'd,
And pains bestow'd,
But all alas in vain:

The fickle Woer.
Why art thou so cruel
To him that doth love thee?
I hold thee my jewel,
Let pity then move thee:

O fairest
and rarest
And dearest be kind,
O be
unto me

Correspondent in mine.

Fairest Mirrour,
Rarest Mirrour,
Dearest Mirrour Sue,
I'll in's conceit
My joys compleat,

The fickle VVoor.
Until I marry you.
At that happy day
To perfection were brought
The delight of my joy
Should surmount any thought
then fairest
and rarest
And dearest come hither.
the match
we'll dispatch,
And to bed go together.

Cant.

Cant. 13.

An excellent new
Medley.

to the Tune of Tarle-
tons Medley.

A Summer time when
folke make Way.
It is not true which peo-
ple say,

F 4

the

An excellent

The fool's the wisest in the
Play.

Truly take away your heart
The siders boy hath bro
his base.

Who is not this a piteous
case?

Most gallants loath to
smell the stench
of Woodstreet.

The City follows Cor
vidas

Joan swears she cannot lo
abide.

Die

new Medley.

kick wears a dagger by his
side.

me tell us what's to pay.
he always thinks by
others fall,

the weakest always goes
to the wall,

he commands command
the ball

at's pleasure.

the weaver plays for

handwoven hose.

pretty woman was Jane
Shore.

Kick

An excellent
rich the base Rascals of
o' th' deoy :
Peace, peace, you bawling
Cuts,
The Cuckolds band wear
out behind,
To call so beguile the
blind,
All people are not of one
mind,
bold Tarman.

Our women cut their hair
like men.
The cock's overmastered
the hen.

Thi

new Medley.

There's hardly one good
friend in ten,
then there on your right
hand.

But how regard the cry of
poor,

will spendeth all upon a
whore.

the Soldier longeth to
goe.

to be knocking.

When the fifth Henry fall'd
to France.

let me along for a Country
Dance.

.Ne

An excellent
Nell hath bewail her luc
less dance.

Fit on falls-hearted men
Dick Tarleton was a mee
wag.

Mark how that prating a
dost brag.

John Dory sold his ambli
brag
for Rick-haws.

The Gaylor counts the Bl
his house,
yet no more but dunn's th
house.

new Medley.

Is no man that croons a
Loue.

in pldes under the
Land:

And hearted men make
Corn so dear.

Frenchmen love well
English Beer:

hope are long good nicks
to hie.

by lustick.

How bides are cheap the
Tanner shilves.

Ang thols have men that
beat their wives.

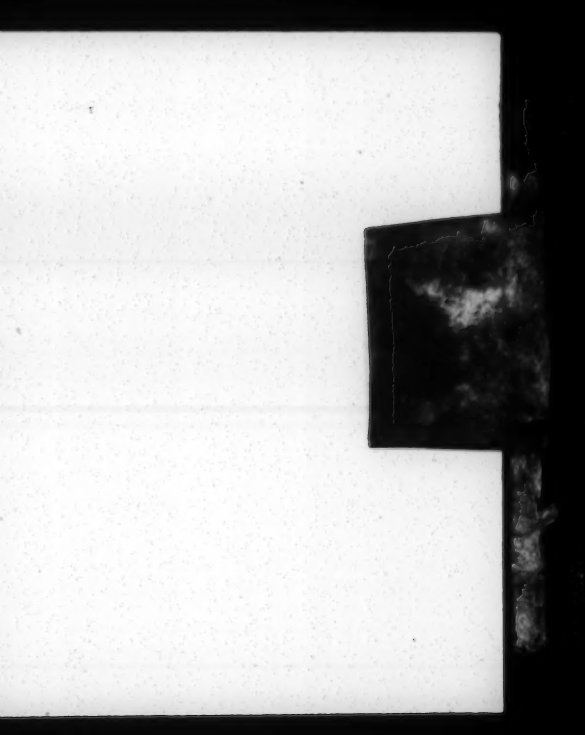
An excellent, &c.
We needs must go the D
villaines,
God bless us from a gun
The Beales make the
lame to run.
Hanging before the ba
tel's door,
It should sometimes may
blow the Gun
Chants medley

FINIS:
22 JY 34.

Marshall
Carlson
1972



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